The News-Herald.

PRONESDAY, REPTEMBER 9, 1

HILLSBORO, 1 : 1 OHIO.

GREAT LOVE AND I.

I mocked at Love!

Love seemed a little thing:

"A small, blind god," I said, with golden wing.
For these poor poets to adore and sing;
Tasir stock-in-trade, which has its price to
bring:" I did not know.

I laughed at Love!
"The merriest jest of all,"
I said: "a gay, light, bounding ball,
Which gathers wit at both 'ts rise and fall,
And never flies our grass beyond recall;"
I did not know.

"Your Love," I said,
"Through the long summer days
I its and laugh and listen to his lays;
Court Fool is he," said I. "Crown him wi And laurel for the folly of his ways";
I did not know.

"Court Fool." I cried.
"We'll barter all for you:
Tou are a toy to mock at ever new.
A lest when false, a better jest when true!
Laughter will always ring at thought of you.
I did not know.

I looked on Love!s
Ah me! I mocked no more.
Within his hand a flaming sword he bore:
His eyes were great and sad, and prone before
Him in the dust I lav, lamenting sore.
"Great Love," I or ed, "Master forevermore!
I know, I know."

"Master," I or ed.
And trembling touched his feet
(His eyes were great and sad and bittersweet!).
Beneath his gaze my heart, all laboring, To lift my glance I knew I was not meet.
I knew, I knew.

o'clock. The hum of their machine was heard by the Irish laborers as dinner pail in hand, they trudged past the window at six. Sometimes a female neighbor, with a gentle horse she could drive herself, came and took Mrs. Bowen for an hour's airing in her buggy. But these were rare occasions. The widow could not spare the time on week days, and Sunday driving is not fashionable in the village. But Sunday being the only leisure time they had, Susan and her mother, in fine weather, often locked the house and went to the woods for the entire day, carrying their dinner with them. They seldom attended church now. Some of the neighbors talked, as they will in a small place, and the sympathies of a certain strict class of villagers were alienated. But the young clergyman always remained friendly; and he often brought them the latest magasines and reviews, which Susan read to her mother in their Sunday outings. Being a modest man, he thought the new literature would do them as much good as his sermons; and he liked to talk over with Susan what she had read.

spiteful little communities. People would bear a great deal of truth-teiling from Eusan just because she was Susan. Her word was as good as a bond; and she had the kind of manly honor that never breaks a contract or disregards a promiss. Milly Grant, the village milliner, with whom she maintained the closest intimacy, had a great admiration for her because she felt that no one but herself had ever sounded the height and depth and fulness of Susan's genuine excellence. She regretted that Susan was not a man, so that she might marry her.

But Susan, with all her mannish virtues, was very womanly. She was strong to sustain and she was tonder to comfort and help. Her heart was capacious and balanced her excellent head. The position of mother and daughter had been changed. Susan was the whoel-horse, as she said, and she felt a protecting fondness for her mother's foibles that made up to that poor woman for e great deal she had suffered. They drew together into a united life. Susan knew she could never have a romance and her mother's young career was of the greatest interest to her. They lived it all over again in their leisure hours, retouching the faded colors, that Susan might realize what it is to be young, te win admiration and to have lovers, she who had known no youth and could never enter personally that magic realm. Mrs. Bowen possessed certain remnants of her old vanity, although so much had been besten out of her by a hard fate. She was a little weak about dress, as so many by-gone beauties are, and she liked to adorn herself with the vague feeeling that somebody unight still come to admire her, although in fact nobody ever did come, at least not for a long time. Nearly all the small sums that could be spent on clothes were laid out for her benefit. Susan contenting herself with a style of costume in which she always looked the same winter and summer, spring and fall. But she dressed her mother's still unfaded hair and put on the becoming ribbons and bits of lace much as a fond mamma adorns her little girl

Significant and the second state of the second a fond mamma adoras her little girl. She admired her mother more than any one, and wished to keep her young and pretty a long time.

The widow still possessed a few small trinkets which had not yet been parted with to pay the rent or to furnish necessaries. By far the most interesting of these, as a memento of her girlhood, was a gold locket containing two strands of hair, one auburn and the other brown, entwined together, with a curious cipher beneath them engraved on the gold. The auburn lock had belonged to Jane Hinman when she was a girl of eighteen. The brown lock had never grown on Bowen's head. It dated back to an earlier romance in Jane Hinman's life, the episode which now most deeply engrossed both Susan and her mother, the period they most frequently talked over in confidential moments. In Mrs. Bowen's work table drawer there was a packet of yellow letters, connected with the locket and braided strands of hair, and a little story of broken vows and disappointed hopes. Jane Hinman had been engaged before she met Bowen. There had been a misunderstanding, a quarrel perhaps, and the ring was given back, and that was all. But it was a great deal to Susan, indeed, the central point of interest in her mother's unfortunate life. Holding the letters loose in her lap, and with that locket open before her, she would try to realize the whole situation.

"And to think, Jane." (she called her mother Jane in her playful or sentimental moods) "to think that Ben Fielding is now a United States Senator, a great man in his own State, likely to be Governor soon, and possibly President. Just try to imagine how it would be with you if you had married him. Who would ever suspect that the possible Mrs. Senator Fielding has been finishing off slop-shop coats and trousers all these years at starvation prices! O, Jane, that was a sad day for you when you quarreled with the future Senator. But where would I have been had you married Ben Fielding! I could never have been born a Senator's daughter. I presume I should not have come

gentle horse she could drive berself, came and took Mrs. Bowen for an hour's airing in her buggy. But these were rare rare in so. The widow could not spare the time on week days, and Bunday driving is the could not spare the time of the week days, and Bunday driving is the control of the week days, and Bunday driving is the only leisure time they had, Smar and her mother, in fine weather, often locked the house and went to the woods for the entire day, carrying their dinner with them. They seldom attended church now. Some of the neighbors talked, as they will in a small place, and the sympathies of a certain strict class of villagers were allenated. But the young clergyman allewsy remained friendly; and he often brought them the latest magasines and review, which Susan read to her mother in their Sunday outings. Being a modest man, he thought the new literature would do them as much good as his sermons; and he liked to talk over with Susan what she had read.

Susan Bowen was very plain. People said she did not "feature" the Hinmans, and as for the Bowen, they were of too little importance for any one to remember their characteristics. Susan's upper tests projected, and she could not easily close har lips over them. Her hair was ratter hards and wirty, and her complexion dark and willows how the server have a say's lillness in her life. Ble wore large vallakin shoes, a short gown of some cheap staff, cotton gloves and a little round hat whatch kept its place on her head ceason after ceason, regardies of the ohanges of fashion. Susan speke out what she had for her marry, because no one would hair for marrying her whom *2 could accept the ratter of the server have a she had said oponly that she would have marry, because no one would hair for marrying her whom *2 could accept the ratter had not an active of the server have an an active of the server have an active of the s

ground among the ferns and ler her hat fall back, and with her hands clasped about her knees lost sight of svery thing before her eyes in her intense sympathy for her mother. He had come to make a friendly call, of course, but Susan did not believe it. She knew that widowers, when their hearts have healed by the first intention, always have intentions. They are the least ingenuous members of the human race. She was thinking of Jane Hinman and the Widow Bowen and the dark ways they had traveled as mother and daughter, when she had borne the laboring oar; and a tide of pity and 'ove seemed to sweep her away, mingled with the excitement of this strange romance which was touching her mother again in the afternoon of hor days. Susan never knew how long she sat there on the river bank among the ferns. She found it growing dark when she took her way home. Her mother met her at the door with her eyes full of tears and quivering with suppressed emotion. She put her arm around her daughter and like Ruth and Naomi they clung together for a time.

"O, you can't think what he said. It's all the same as if I hadn't grown old. He wants me to be his wife. He came here on purpose, Susan, to ask me. He says he has money enough and everything, and he don't care if I am ever so poor and don't know how to appear," she went on a little incoherently.

Susan put her mother down in the rocker end smoothed her hair. "You must quiet yourself, or you will have one of your bad headaches. But just tell me if you have promised to be Mrs. Senator Fielding."

"How could I promise," she returned, reproachfully, "without talking with you! It all depends on you, Susan, and the very thought of it makes me dixxy."

"I shan't stand in the way, mother; I shall never trouble him."

"Susan Bowen, what do you mean!"

"He can't be expected to marry the whole family. He has come for his old sweetheart. Jane Hinman, and not for Susan Bowen, what do you want to do."

"No, I don't, mother; but I can't deceive you. We have always been one. you and

into sobe; "that is just what you want to do."

"No, I don't, mother; but I can't deceive you. We have always been one. you and I, but it can be so no longer. Jane Hinman was born for another fate. And now she is coming into her kingdom. But Susan Bowen was made to endure hardness, to live alone and eat the bread of labor. He would not like my influence over you. He must rule alone; I can see it in the square set of his jaw."

"That's just it, Susan; he ain't changed a bit. Such men never do change. I can see it can see it can see it.

change and recreation, and the ten-dency, which naturally follows, to brooding over various subjects. The result is a discouragingly large percen-tage of insanity among the women of rural neighborhoods. Attempts to substitute farming villages for scattered farm houses, to introduce social recrea-tions, and like efforts have been mador suggested again and again, but the fact remains that the woman of the fact remains that the woman of the city is usually more healthful and has more vitality than the woman of the country. There is a problem here still for our physicians and students of sociology. But it is pleasant to be assured by competent experts that the charge that American women are composed merely of skin and bone and nerves and brain, is no longer justified.

—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

—When Squire Carver, of Waterville, Me., hurriedly drove on the covered bridge that spans the Sebasticook
for shelter from a sudden shower he
found two young men and two young
women taking shelter there also. As
acon as they saw the squire they conferred eagerly, and then one of the
young men asked him if he wouldn't
marry the other young man and one
of the young women then and there.
They had the necessary papers in
proper form, and so, while the rain
pattered over their heads and the Sebasticook gurgled beneath their feet,
William McClintock and Almira Jones
were made one. - Boston Journal.

TEMPERANCE READING.

A GOOD-BYE.

No, no, not for me—I sin't drinking to-day, it was not for that I called in on my way, But to bid you good-bye. Going West? Well, not quite, But I'll Journey as far as St. Patrick's tonight.
Say, what alls you, old man, that so wildly you stare?
Can't make out what on earth is a-bringing me there?
Well, I mean a new life and new comrades to And so, Mr. Barman, I'll bid you good-bye. Let me see, I've been hanging around here three years.
And going down hill all the time, it appears:
I was then a smart fellow and handsome—
somehow
I don't look as spruce and as go-ahead now.
There ain't the same fashion and cut in my And I'm rather ashamed of my rubicund rye been thinking things over a trifle, and I have come, Mr. Barman, to bid you good-bye

I bear you so grudge, though at last I've defrat I give you the best share of all that I earn, and get only slokness and rags in return. I have parted with happiness, manhood and health, And lagged far behind in the struggle for wealth. made in the transaction besides that made by the distiller goes into this middle-man's pocket, not into yours.

And get only slokness and rags in return. I have partied with happiness, manhood and health.

And get only slokness and rags in return.

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I have partied with happiness, manhood and made in the transaction besides that made by the distiller goes into this middle-man's pocket, not into yours.

We rise no higher now than the level of your pocket-book. There is a sanitary and moral phase to the distillery-set function that we advise you to study up in the loathsome stalls where distillery-fed cattle are kept. Aside from all that, have I not made out a case strong enough to convince you turn back.

Pil mount up the ladder; if one rung I climb.
Tis better than sinking the whole of the time:
But to keep right ahead I must carrefully pass
Your glowing temptation of bottle and glass;
No polson my brain in a stuppr must tie;
so adieu, Mr. Barman, I bid you good-bys.

—Irish World.

THE QUESTION OF MARKET. How Farmers Have Been Fooled by the Fallacious Argument of Distillers.

require, according to the commis-sioner's figures, not quite seven bushels of corn. This, mind you, on the sup-position that there is no "crooked-ness" in the whisky, nor any sdulteration in the drinks; we give the distiller all the benefit of the doubt.

tion in the drinks; we give the distiller all the benefit of the doubt.

The next step was to discover how much corn would have been consumed to make the beef. This was harder to ascertain, for farmers do not keep records as strictly as the internal revenue does. By diligent inquiring and comparison of results as given by many farmers, I arrived at the conclusion that fifty bushels of corn was a low estimate for the amount esten from the time the calf commences to eat corn until its appearance as beef in the market; that is, more than seven times as used to make the whisky which sells for the same amount of money. Now I was ready for my farmer friends, for they knew and I knew that the chances for same's family having plenty of beef to eat are in inverse ratio to the quantity of whisky he drinks. So whenever they confront me with the question: "Where should we find market for our corn it distilleries are closed?" Tankeelike I reply with another question: "Where should we find market for our corn it distilleries are closed?" Tankeelike I reply with another question: "Where should we find market for our corn it distilleries are closed?" Tankeelike I reply with another question: "Where should we find market for our corn it distilleries are closed?" Tankeelike I reply with another question: "Where should we find market for our corn it distilleries are closed?" Tankeelike I reply with another question: "Where should we find market for our corn into whisky to make a man worse than a brute, and bring his wife and children to the poor-house temptation to drink the day in Europe; it will have it, unless the political power of the traffic be broken.

Judge Robert C. Pitman, Massachusetts.

The worst effect of all, and that which east sense of his privileges tremble, is that these houses are become in many places the nurseries of our legislators. An artful man may, by gaining a little sway among the rabble of a town, multiply taverns and dramshops, and thereby secure the votes of taverner and retailer and of all; and the

for you to support, or to put seven bushels into best to make good blood and brawn and brain for that man and his family so they can support them—

WHAT THEY WILL BE.

his family so they can support them-selves?"

There is another thing about this dis-tilling business by which farmers are badly fooled. It is the competition into which it brings their honest, corn-fed beef with distillery-fed cattle. The distiller can fatten cattle literally upon nothing, so far as cost to himself is concerned. He gets big money back for what he pays you for corn, in the whisky, while on its leavings, which otherwise would be utterly valueless, he fattens beef and pork, and of course he can undersell you in the market. This competition so lowers the price of beef you sell to the butcher that on the amount you receive for it was loss. beef you sell to the butcher that on the amount you receive for it you lose more than the profits of all the corn you can sell to the distiller. And this loss to you is no gain to the consumer. The butcher asks his customer just as much for the distillery-fed beef as he does for yours; so whatever money is made in the transaction besides that made by the distiller goes into this

case strong enough to convince you that the market for your corn will not be destroyed by shutting up the distillery?

The distillers have fooled you long enough by their cry: "No market for corn without distilleries." They fool you in regard to the proportion of corn used in their nefarious business. The number of bushels so used, given in the number of bushels so used, given in the aggregate, seems enormous, and, without comparing it with the whole amount raised in the State, you are sure to think the proportion much greater than it really is. But comparing it with the entire crop, the amount used by distilleries is but as a drop in the bucket. By careful computation in Illinois it proves to be one peck for each man in the State. Are you willing to let the distilleries run and take the risk of ruin to your peighbors' or your of ruin to your neighbors' or your own boy, which their running entails, rather than to endanger your chance to find a market for a peck of corn? If so you would better use that peck in making starch to stiffen your back-

In lows, before it adopted prohibition, George Woodford's calculation showed that the land used to raise coin for distilleries would not furnish room to bury the victims of the distillery's twin brother, the salcon. Do away with salcons and distilleries, and you will not need so much ground for graveyards. — Union Signal.

POSITIVE OPINIONS.

Strong Testimony Against Alcohol by Competent Witnesses.

Men who drink whisky are sure to go to the wall sooner or later on the street. I always win when I have whisky for my competitor.—Henry Clews, the banker.

The evils of brandy and soda in India need only to be remembered to prove how pernicious is the suicidal habit of indulgence in drinking alcoholic liquors in hot climates.—Henry M. Stanly.

To make or sell ardent spirits for common use is as wicked as to make and sall poisons for the suicidal poisons for the suicidal poisons.

and sell poisons for the same purpose. The blood of murdered souls will be required at the makers' and dealers' hands.—Judge Daggett.

men bought a roast of beef, and great was the chuckling among them when Charley walked in with a long face, saying: "I never did see such luck as I've had this week; never had sucu a poor week for trade in my life; believe I won't indulge in a roast, but will take some of that liver."

All of which set me to thinking. We were near neighbors to Peoria with its mammoth distilleries. My work took me much among the farmers; every me much among the farmers; every ing a common vender of intoxicating iquors. - Judge John Martin, Kansas For the pitiful sum a dime he [the owner of a groggery] furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool and this trembling culprit a demon! How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore the vendor has committed an therefore the vendor has committed an act not recognized by earthly tribunals; but in sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames men into violence and anger and bloodshed, is particeps criminis in the deed. Judge Johnson, California, in passing sentence of death upon a criminal.

During a term of seven years as prosecuting lawyer in the Federal service at New York City, I seldom, during those seven years, knew a case of criminal violation of law by violence and force of arms that was not either onceived or committed or aggravated by the use of intoxicating liquor. I have been present when the chairman of the board that examines jails and poorhouses and asylums of New York went through those places; and I know it is the simple testimony of thoughtful, truthful people that liquor, in some form or other, is responsible for three-fourths of the pauperism of the State of New York.—Siewert L. Woodford.

The Sabbath is emphatically "the poor man's day." It is the best conservator of home, the guardian of the public morals, and the only guaranty in this busy day and world of some due attention to the cultivation of that attention to the cultivation of that spiritual nature in man, which gives life and force even to his work among material things. But the liquor traffic and the Sabbath are in natural enmity. It is no chance association which leads to the cry: "Down with the Sunday laws and the liquor laws" in so many parts of the country. The traffic wants the day. It wants the Saturday night wages. It wants opportunity and the temptation to drink on the day of rest. It has the day in Europe; it covets it in It has the day in Europe; it covets it in America. It will have it, unless the political power of the traffic be broken.

A Recitation for Boys.

I have made up my mind
That a sallor I shall be,
And in a splendid ship
I shall sail upon the sea.
I shall see the waves dash high,
And sear the wild winds sport:
But bravely our good ship
Will carry us into port.
A sailor I'll be!

I am going to be a dootor,
When I get to be a man,
And I'll make the people well
Just as quickly as I cm.
Two horses I shall have,
And a bny to hold the reins,
And cure sil the sches and pains!
A doctor I'll bei

Now, I shall be a farmer,
With a great farm in the West;
For of all the occupations.
That of farming is the best.
I shall plow, and sow, and reap.
Under the clear blue sky.
And I think no one among you
Will be happier than I.
A farmer I'll be!

IV. I mean to be a teacher,
When I've grown to be a man
And every leason i shall make
Just as easy as I can.
All children, as you know,
Need olts of time for play:
And so, remember, very often
I shall give a holiday.
A teacher I'll bel

I am going to keep a store.
Where you all can come and buy,
And be sure of honest dealing,
And prices not too high.
I'll have a delivery waron
And spiendid painted sign,
And not a store in town
Shall go ahead of mine!

A storekeepser I'll hel

I am going to be an architect.

And plan buildings, great and sm
And may be my dealgns will be
The very best of all!
I mean to plan great churches,
And perhaps school-buses, too,
And who knows but I may
Plan a house for some of you?

An architect I'il be!

VIL I am going to be a lawyer.

And make apeeches, fine and long:
And plainly tell the jury
Which man is in the wrong.
I'll be an honest lawyer,
And do what good I can;
And may be I will be a judge
When I'm gray-haired man!

A lawyer I'll be!

ALT. You see we have started early.
To plan what we will do:
And siways what we undertake.
We bravely carry through.
We mean to set our brains to work.
To learn our business well;
And what success each one will have.
The coming years will tell!

-E. L. Brown, in Golden Days.

TOM'S DANGER SIGNAL. By Which a Threatened and Terrible Dis-aster Was Avoided.

A queer little house, perched on mountain ledge like an eagle's nest, that looked as if it would certainly blow away the first time a strong wind came. That was where Tom lived with his father. A lonely place to live, with his father. A lonely place to live, a couple of miles from the nearest neighbor's; but Tom never thought any thing about that until he fell and broke his leg in one of his guaning expeditions. After that it was a very hard trial to the boy to be shut up alone all day. Every morning, a few hours after his father had gone away for the day, a kind neighbor came over hours after his father had gone away for the day, a kind neighbor came over and cared for his wants, putting every thing that he might need just where he could get it without getting up, but after that Tom was alone till after

after that Tom was alone till after night-fall.

Tom had very little to help him while away the hours that seemed so interminably long. Now and then his father, who was the engineer of a train, brought him some papers, which the good-natured conductor had gathered up for the sick boy from the seats where the passengers had left them when where the passengers had left them when they had read them. Then Tom was learning telegraphy, and he could click, his little instrument, and practice himself in sending suppositious messages over an imaginary wire. In the evening when his father came home, they talked together on the little instrument for the sake of the little instrument for the sake of practice, and Tom felt sure that he would be ready to apply for the position of telegraph operator at the little sta-tion just below, as soon as he should be

well.
"I'm afraid we're going to have rough weather to-day, my boy," said Tom's father one morning, as he stood in the door and watched the threatening clouds, while the bacon was cheerily sizuling in the freing part on the store

ing clouds, while the bacon was cheerily sizzling in the frying-pan on the stove. "You won't be afraid here all by yourself, will you?"

"No, indeed; I won't be afraid," answered Tom, "but I do wish my leg would hurry up and get well. You don't know how lonely it is here all day by myself, father."

"I know it must be, Tom, but try not to be impatient. You'll be around soon now, if you don't put yourself back by using your leg too soon."

Tom looked after his father with a sigh, as after breakfast he strode away.

sigh, as after breakfast he strode away, his heavy footsteps making the dry twigs and leaves crackle as he walked

Another long, lonely day was before him, and be was already heartily tired of his imprisonment. All day long the clouds grew darker and the wind shrieked and moaned more dismally as it swept through the tall pines, and as the windows shook and rattled now and then as if a giant hand had siezed and then as if a giant hand had siezed them, Tom grew a little apprehensive in spite of his promise not to be afraid. From the cottage window he could look down on a long stretch of the railroad that came around a curve and swept along the side of the mountain, crossed a bridge over the rocky gorge, and then vanished into the trees again around another curve.

Just after dark his father's train always came in sight, and Tom loved to

Just after dark his father's train always came in sight, and Tom loved to watch the bright headlight as it sped along. He had a little set of signals which his father understood, and when the train reached a certain place he always waved his lamp, hid it for an instant and waved it again, as a signal that all was well. Then the locomotive would utter a shrill, piercing whistle, and that was his father's answer.

Toward the close of the afternoon the wind almost amounted to a hurricane, and the rain poured down so hard that Tom could hardly see out of the window. At last the fury of the storm seemed to have speat itself, and Tom breathed a sigh of relief as he heard the wind lessening, for he always feared to have his father cross the bridge over the gorge when the wind was blowing high, lest the train should be blown over. He looked down at the bridge as it entered his thoughts, and something that he saw there made his ruddy boysh face pale with terror. Dragging himself across the room slowly and paintailly, he got his father's gians down from the half and to been mistaken. His eyes had told him the truth. Just at the begin-

ning of the bridge, and partly on it, lay a tall tree that had been blown over by the gale. Unless the train could be checked in time, it would be derailed and hurled into mat terrible

derailed and hurled into mat terrible gorge.

No wonder the boy felt himself growing faint with terror at the thought of his father's peril; as well as the danger to all the others that were on the train. How could they be warned in time? The twilight shadows were already growing deeper, and it would soon be dark. Tom looked at his bandaged leg with a groan of despair. If he only had the use of it, he could soon have made his way down the mountain side, and built a fire beside the track that would have warned them! There was ne hope that he could possibly drag himself that distance; even if he could have borne the torture of dragging his broken limb after him, his strength would not have held out, and then, too, the time would have been too sbort. Tom groaned aloud. Must he sit there and see the train go orashing over the edge of the gorge without saving a word to stay it?

Must he sit there and see the train go orashing over the edge of the gorge without saying a word to stay it?

In less than an hour now the train would come thundering along, his father would exchange signals with him for the last time, and then—. But the thought of the signals sent an idea through Tom's brain that took his breath away. Perhaps he could signal with the lamp, and make his father understand the danger. He put the lamp in the window and waited. It was the only chance, and as the slow minutes dragged themselves away, and each one shortened the boy's agony of suspense, perhaps you can guess how his whole heart went up in fervent prayer that his father would understand.

At last the train rumbled through the

At last the train rumbled through the At last the train rumbled through the tunnel, and coming out into open air swept around the curve, its headlight gleaming like a baleful eye. The engineer was running fast now to make up for a delay at the station they had just passed. He glanced up into the darkness that shrouded the mountain to see his boy's signal. Presently it darkness that shrouded the mountain to see his boy's signal. Presently it flashed out, then instead of waving backward and forward it was suddenly obscured, then it gleamed out again. Something, the father never knew what, made him connect the sudden flashes with the little electric instrument. He watched eagerly. Yes, he was right, the boy was trying to tell was right, the boy was trying to tell him something. He slackened the speed of the train, and spelled the letters one

after another.

"D-a-n-g-e-r-G-o-r-g-e!"

That was all, but he understood, and under the hand of its master the train came to a sudden standstill. Not a moment too soon, for when the train hands ran forward with lanterns they found the fallen tree not six feet from the engine.

It would have been a terrible accident beyond a doubt, and as the passengers learned the cause of the detention while the men were clearing the track, they shuddered at the thought of the terrible peril they had escaped. A purse was made up for Tom, when they learned how the engineer had been warned by the boy in that lonely cottage on the ledge.

that lonely cottage on the ledge.

When Tom saw the train stop and knew that his father had understood, he did something that, boylike, he was very much ashamed of afterward. He fainted, "just like a silly girl," as he contemptuously expressed it. The strain had been a terrible one, and the joy was too much for him, enfeebled as he was by his confinement.

When Tom was well again he applied for the post of telegraph operator, and to his great delight he was pronounced competent for the position, and now his father and himself live in a pretty little cottage near the station,

and now his father and himself live in a pretty little cottage near the station, which Tom purchased with the thank-offering of the passengers. He never sends a message clicking over the wires, without thinking of the night when he saved the train.—Christian at

An Interesting Sight.

Who has not seen and watched the "daddy long-legs," or, as the insect is sometimes called, the "grand-daddy long-legs?" It is a spider of the pedipalpi tribe. The tribe is so called because the palps or feelers end in claws, like the feet of some other insects. Once Prof. Lockwood made friends with a daddy long-legs.
"My visitor's domicile," he says,

"My visitor's domicile," he says,
"was a nook in the library. The eggshaped body was exactly a quarter of
an inch in length, and an eighth wide
at its thickest part. Of its eight legs,
each one in the shortest pair measured
an inch and five-eighths, and in the
longest pair the measurement exceeded
three inches, a considerable spread for
so little timber. so little timber.
'There was quite a good understand-

"There was quite a good understanding between us. It would allow me to touch the long, thread-like legs with my pen, and even to lift one up above the others, and the queer thing would keep the limb raised for several minutes, precisely as I would leave it."

Then it would stand on Prof. Lockwood's book and severatch its legs. It

wood's book and scratch its legs. It would put a leg up into the hook at the end of its feeler, and then would the end of its feeler, and then would draw the leg through, and whenever the leg would leave the hook it would give a little crack like a whip.

One of Dickens' characters was Captain Cuttle, who had an iron hook in place of a right hand. Now, fancy Captain Cuttle drawing a whip through his iron claw, and you have an idea of the way daddy long-legs tickled himself.

solf.
"I am sure," writes Prof. Lockwood,
"that the operation was enjoyable to
the daddy long-legs, while to me the
sight was very interesting."—Golden
Days.

A Remarkable Picnic.

A Berlin correspondent thus de-scribes a curious picnic which he witnessed near that city: The director of s private lunatic asylum put his twenty-five patients in a wagon and drove them to a tavern, where some cake was taken with coffee, after which every body enjoyed a dance in the hall. Another ride was then taken past a park in which were some deer and rabbits, the sight of which caused the patients to break out into wild exclamations of delight. At seven o'clock a grass plot was chosen, and the patients located picule fashion, whereupon a teg of beer was tapped, with which they toasted their director, each one endeavoring to make a speech. Finally a number of colored paper caps were distributed, which the crasy folk put on their heads with demonstrations of great pleasure. s private lunatic asylum put his twen-

hanquet in Washington; the other day, and it was one of the jolliest affairs of the sesson. What's in a name?